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## Literary Record.

**THE WHITE HILLS**, their Legend, Landscape, and Poetry. By Thomas Starr King, with sixty illustrations, engraved on wood, by Andrews, from drawings by Wheelock. Boston, Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The White Hills belongs to the same class of literary effort as the *Sketcher* by a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Eagles, which work did for British landscape and for art, what the White Hills aims to do—make both art and nature better understood. As the title of the book indicates, it is an æsthetic analysis of the mountain region of New Hampshire. The Rev. T. Starr King acts as the guide through the passes of the White Mountains, along their water courses, and up to their summits, pointing out on his course the subtle elements and virgin haunts of landscape beauty; he quotes pertinent descriptive passages from the works of kindred lovers of nature, coupling with his extracts reflections and pictorial hints which seem to mark a certain degree of intercourse with landscape painters. Historical incidents and scientific facts are woven in with the abstract portions of the work to give it ballast. His artistic companion is Mr. Wheelock, whose pencil crystallizes for the eye that which ideas alone through diction never convey to the mind. Mr. Wheelock has selected prominent views and points of interest among the White Hills to accommodate the text. The best illustrations in the book are from those drawings which are adapted to the capacity of wood-engraving; in others the niceties of pictorial art, the delicacy of the original drawings, such as the gradations of space and the charms of effect, are lost (we would instance the cuts on pp. 14, 268, 355). Of the successful illustrations we would especially mention the pine trees on page 67, and the grand "pinnacle of rock" on page 143, a similar subject on page 183, the cascade on page 206, and where "the river rushes" on page 264. We consider "The White Hills" an eminent success. It is an indispensable companion to the tourist, or sojourner, in the midst of these beautiful mountains.

**SIR ROHAN'S GHOST.** A Romance. J. E. Tilden & Co., publishers, Boston.

The author of this spectral story, so well written, but disagreeable because of its sombre and unnatural plot, has slightly intruded on the fields so well but not profitably explored by Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, neither of whom did much to improve the minds of their readers. The scene is fixed in the west of England; the moral which the author aims to impress being the certainty of retributive justice. Why an author of such unmistakable genius, with more than ordinary descriptive powers, and a fine command of language, should have chosen so repulsive and unnatural a subject, is beyond our comprehension. Such a pen as this author wields, if employed on subjects the reading world takes more interest in, would produce something of real literary value. We yet hope to see it dealing with the mysteries of real life, giving us the bright as well as the dark picture—that the genius which here gives us but a spark may soon brighten into a flame.

Sir Rohan, advanced in life, seeks relief for a guilty conscience in a solitary mansion on the coast of Cornwall. Still he is the victim of a ghostly visitation which flits before him by day, and disturbs his dreams at night. Life has become a burden, and he seeks to overcome the pangs of stricken conscience by dissipation and devotion to art. Still the ghost haunts him, and makes him sigh for something to brighten the path of life.

And here he is brought in contact (not very skillfully however) with a young girl of great beauty and intelligence, who captivates him with the very sweetness of her nature. The influence of her charms acts upon him like the morning dew on a fading flower. The poison that had corroded his heart, has found its antidote in this fair girl, who sympathizes with him in his loneliness. The result of this sympathy is a pure attachment and a mutual exchange of affection. Sir Rohan already sees his future begin to brighten, and his heart beats with joy at the prospect of possessing this angel of his happiness. When, however, the time for sealing his happiness arrives, and the picture seems at the very apex of its brightness, a dark and terrible revelation is made, the light of his hope is extinguished, and an end is put to all that is earthly with him. The ever-haunting ghost, ghastly with blood, stalks in, and Sir Rohan falls dead of terror and a stricken conscience. The author thus draws the curtain over this dark and harrowing tragedy: "Miriam did not observe this at once; she was too greatly bewildered. She saw only a ring in the deep flash of the expiring taper. Suddenly it was dropped into her hand, and Arundle strode toward the house. But it rolled away unregarded in the moments of awful silence that ensued, while Miriam's wild eyes searched for refuge in the dark. The grasp left her hand only to fasten on her shoulder, and Sir Rohan compelled her gaze.

" 'We are standing on your mother's grave,' he said, in a hoarse voice, torn by fragments from a shattered breast. 'You are my child. Look at me. Miriam! Miriam! I am your father.'

"A dreadful noise was in his ears. Like a sword, the ghost struck in a blinding blade of light through his eyes. All the blood in his pulses sung across his brain, and he fell prostrate at her feet."

The author exhibits great power of conception, and a rare ingenuity in the construction of the plot, which, however, is not developed very skillfully.

**REMINISCENCES OF RUFUS CHOATE.** By E. G. Parker. Mason Brothers.

A great man is gone forever. Boston has lost her Choate, and her sons and daughters have mourned his loss, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in praises and idle worship. To those at all acquainted with the power of admiration that seizes upon Boston, like a burning fever, when the Unseen hand strikes down one of her best beloved, this outpouring of extravagant panegyric will not be surprising. Mr. Parker has performed a labor of love; how wisely, the reader of his book will not need to be informed. There may be reasons unknown to us for this display of friendship—this heaping up of hyperbolic praises over a dead man, ere he is cold in the tomb. Did friendship demand this sacrifice? was public anxiety so impatient to know more of the great lawyer, as to call for this hot haste to lavish fulsome puffery on a man whose real merits deserved a more simple and less cloudy enshrining? We think not. These "Reminiscences," as they now stand, lack most of those attributes which are held by sensible men as essential to a good biography. They are lamentably deficient in literary merit, and it strikes us that Mr. Parker could have better served the fame of his departed friend, to say nothing of his own reputation as a writer, by avoiding the quicksands of metaphor. It is seldom an author exerts all his powers of praise and calls on the gods to aid him in making a divinity of man. And yet such is the mission Mr. Parker has aspired to. According to Parker the world never had a greater